## Leo Sayer, Telepath

Writers: leo sayer & amp; david courtney

I'm leaving the smog below me now I'm leaving my troubles on the ground I'm watching those smokestacks just blaze away The sky will be blue never grey

The future is filled with wasted time I can't see the road -- I'm going blind I'm laughing at all of my future plans Shining like gold in my hands

Isn't it funny how you reach me You know exactly what I'm thinking You're always helping me from sinking It's your way

Hello, this is london calling -- is my flight due Hello, is there someway I can reach you Isn't it funny how you call me You call me up while I am sleeping You're always helping me from sinking -- it's your way

Now this is the end of all my dreams The drumming has stopped behind my ears There's no looking back now -- I'm too far away I'm shaking like mad in a daze. . .

Then out of the night you join me here The people around me, they disappear And I hear your voice, and you speak to my eyes And everything comes alive